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## A MIDWINTER RECORD.

EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH  
OF  
THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION  
IN ONE YEAR.

Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1891.....313,612

Average Daily Circulation of The World during February, 1892.....377,892

A NET DAILY GAIN  
in twelve months of.....64,280

In Advertising, Too.

Total Number of Advertisements printed in The World during February, 1891.....57,022  
During February, 1892.....67,159

NET GAIN.....10,137

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safekeeping of any rejected manuscript or picture, of whatever character or value. No exceptions will be made in this regard to either literary or scientific matter. We will, however, return to the author any manuscript or picture which is returned to us.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The distinguished sick at Washington are all on the mend.

The Indiana delegates to Minneapolis came hard, but the President had to have them.

As to the story of Standard Oil dissolution, it is probably true that it means no more than a re-shuffle preparatory to a new deal.

Ex-President Cleveland is ducking on the Susquehanna River. Hill men say the ducks are "on" to "CLEVELAND, and cry "Quack! quack!" at him.

Wealthy Christians are bidding high for front pews in heaven. Two gifts, of \$100,000 and \$50,000 respectively, to Episcopal missions are just reported.

The State Legislature promises to close its session April 14. The decision involves busy days between now and then, but it is not too early to get through.

While the Kaiser is ill and prostrated with bodily complaints, thousands of his subjects are sick at heart for lack of work and bread. Who shall be their physician?

Reason for the proposed naval demonstration off the Florida coast dwains with the announcement that while Quay is already down there, Farnett is going down.

The March reports show wheat enough in the farmers' hands to furnish bread for everybody. But bread in the hand, you know, is worth any quantity of it in the granary's bushel baskets.

Wonderful plans are out for the great East River bridges to be built under the Sullivan bill's provisions. Even under the measure as amended, the corporation can afford to build magnificently.

Premier Ribot and ex-Premier Cassier of Italy, may face each other in the prize ring yet. They have the first sympathy of the business—they are calling each other names as hard as they can.

Six Russian army corps, two hundred thousand soldiers in all, are to manœuvre near Moscow. A superb piece of military pageantry. But starvation has a far larger army within the Czar's domain.

New York's new street cleaning bill should not be halted on the road to the statute books. Its operation will reduce to needed system the operation of putting the city streets and avenues into healthful conditions.

A strange contradiction to the usual rule that military law is more severe than

the civil process is presented in the case of the Xerxes Anarchists. Civil courts condemned them to death. A court-martial acquitted the rest.

It is had enough when a man wastes his own substance in feeding his diabolism, but when, as revealed in a police court case yesterday, the father of promising young boys spends for his alcoholic indulgence all his sons can earn public patience with the offender is not a virtue.

### ELEVATE THE TRACKS.

The New York Central Railroad Company should be made to comply with the law and cross the Harlem River at a height of twenty-four feet. Its management admits that this could be done by elevating the tracks beginning at One Hundred and Eighth street, and that by building a steel and stone viaduct none of Harlem's streets would be closed. Such being the case, the work should be begun at once.

But there seems to be the obstacle which this corporation always puts forward—expense. It would cost some millions of dollars.

Half of this amount the Company wants the city to pay. Was there ever anything more outrageous?

Here is the situation. The law requires that the Central Railroad cross the Harlem on a twenty-four foot high bridge. This can be done without damage to property. The logical result is that if the Company does not obey the law it should stand the penalty, and not be allowed to cross the river at all.

An attempt is being made to juggle the Legislature. This monster corporation has great influence, but it is as great as the people's protest? New York is long suffering, but it revolts occasionally, and then something falls.

Elevate those tracks, Mr. Vanderbilt, and let your company pay for the work out of some of the immense profits it earns through being allowed to come into the heart of New York City.

### THE YEARS OLD AND DRUNK.

"Only ten and very drunk." Not a new instance, by any means, but one of a sort which must always set people to a serious thinking.

In the particular case mentioned in this morning's papers, the lad who was drunk seems to have been led to his indulgence more by curiosity than by any other impulse. He wanted to see what whiskey was like, and to find out he took advantage of a favorable moment when his brother, a bartender, wasn't looking.

The boy didn't have an easy time getting sober. And he is too young to take so philosophically as older heads learn to do the penalty coming with that awful "difference in the morning." It is to be hoped that the result of his first taste of an alcoholic beverage may inspire just enough of a distaste therefor as will serve him in good stead in future years.

### THE BROKER AND THE DOUGH-BALL.

The broker is usually a buoyant man. He is full of fun as was the first joke which old Hiram's compiled, and there is an effluence of joy and sparkle of animal spirits about him that would furnish sufficient merry material for a half dozen ordinary farce-comedies. When he isn't trying to break somebody else he is generally doing his best to make fragments of the conventionalities, and if room enough is given him to swing his bubbling nature and herniate humor in he will smash off in a twinkling and have everything in a chaos of comicality in less time than it would take a two-year-old child to twist a sonnet out of a cat's tail.

His glowing geniality has certain seasons, when it blossoms and bursts forth in magnificent radiance. The holiday antics in the Exchange would make a troupe of dancing devils under the influence of Kéké's *terre au sucre* or golden jag, tie up their rhythmic legs and retire for keeps from the business of making blooming idiots of themselves. For some reason or other the fool-kicker looks piously on these effervescent exploits and kindly refrains from using his snicker. The directors, too, wink with the other eye and the brokers enjoy their frolic, such as it is. But there are occasions when the buoyant and bubbly broker lets himself loose, and the officers of the Exchange grow indignant about it.

When a financier suddenly and without any holiday or other joy-time warrant turns from wrestling with first mortgages to toying with bean-shooters, or a broker, withdraws his attentions from debentures and employs his time in catapulting dough-balls through the circumambient in the direction of a brother broker's eye, it is high time for somebody to step in and make a few remarks. Six brokers of the Produce Exchange were yesterday caught throwing beans and doughballs, and the managers fined them 50 cents each. They had their fun and paid for it cheerfully. But looking at the half-dollar end of the affair with a critical and unimpaired eye, doesn't it seem that the punishment is a little too short in the toes and low in the instep for the size and seriousness of the crime?

NO MORE BLIZZARD, PLEASE.

Four years ago tonight there began what has since been recognized as the premonitory symptoms of New York's first and, so far as blizzards, to those who went through, without lasting harm, the experiences of the few days following, the period seems at this distance of time to have been one worth witnessing. It promises to become a conspicuous feature of the stock in trade of those who will be the future "oldest inhabitants" of the city.

But nobody wants the storm of that time to be repeated. Nobody has heard without apprehension the weather prophesies for the last week have been proclaiming in confident strains that this March of 1892 was to bring the duplicate of the blizzard of 1888.

Healthful, buoyant and well-provided for citizens remember chiefly the excitement and novelty of that period when New York was storm-bound and snow-bound. Others have the saddest of memories suggested when that time is recalled. There were pitiful scenes and stern deprivations and intense suffering in many a side street of the big town those days.

Hard times came then which should be desired never to come again. Business recovered quickly from the shock. Hearts and homes there were which suffered too deeply for entire recovery.

Servant-Girl Murderer SCHNEIDER, of Vienna, must do alone. His gory assistant, Mrs. Schneider, against whom he testified bitterly, has had her sentence commuted, and now she can smile triumphantly at him and sarcastically sing: "Schneider, how you vas?"

### THE CLEANER.

Our old friend Prof. Peck, of Columbia College will soon start for Rome, where he intends making archaeological investigations. The College Trustees purpose giving him three months' leave of absence.

Well, well, and who would have believed it? Annie Meyers and Sylvia Gerrish have kissed and made up.

I remember the first day Andy White sat upon the Police Court bench. It was ten years ago and in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Court-House. And now he gets another ten-year term. In the old days he was just coming into political prominence, along with Randolph B. Marline, who was then a somewhat unknown lawyer. It was "Andy" and "Tiny" then, and Damon and Pythias were nowhere.

When one starts to become famous he advances like a prairie fire. Take the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst for instance. How he has extended. See what a morning paper prints about him:

CHARLES H. PARKHURST.  
A fearless faith, with sacred breast  
More safely from the glass  
Than the soul purpose of making  
In plate of triple armor dress.

I hear that 80,000 London barmalms have started a paper of their own and made up of their own contributions. Wonder if it isn't like their mixed drinks?

Mrs. and Mr. Jack Astor have gone to Philadelphia, where they will leave their son and heir in charge of Grandmother Willing until they return from the three weeks' southern trip. Incidentally Mrs. Astor has the saddest look I ever saw on a woman's face. I have seen her a dozen times this season at the opera, seeming the picture of sorrow in a golden frame.

In a Fifth Avenue art gallery yesterday I saw a portrait of Mme. Emma Eames painted by her husband. It is a fine piece of work, the only "out" being the name of the artist, which is so large and prominent as to be seen twenty-five feet away.

I see that Dr. H. L. Constable, who some years ago did such able work on *The Evening World's* Corps of Physicians, did much towards saving Mr. James G. Blaine, Jr.'s life yesterday. He luckily happened to be in the New York Hotel where he was stricken down, and his prompt measures brought her to.

Uncle Jerry Rust is in the Presidential race. Now, Mr. Harrison, look out.

The Columbia College Alumni are working hard to secure the Bloomingdale property as a site for the new college buildings. Residents of that neighborhood are also anxious to see the old and time-honored institution established there.

Minister Reid will soon be back again editing the bills of his bright young men. This is quite a come down after holding aloft the screaming eagle at the gay capital, and entertaining the potentates and princes of the Old World.

Manager Aronson, of the Casino, now appears in the light of a philanthropist. He thinks that grease paint is injurious to his cast, and has prohibited it. Water paints alone are allowed.

Except by Blowing.

Mrs. Langtry is said to have the largest collection of fans in the world. Notwithstanding this interesting fact the lady sometimes finds it very difficult to raise the wind.

And Trot Out the Funds.

Gen. Alger has formally declared himself a candidate for the Presidency, and the bank which he favors with his personal account had better prepare for a run.

Depends Upon the Salary.

A good school director must be honest, hard-headed, industrious, free from religious or social bigotry and man enough to know that a public servant should serve the public impartially.

The Quality of Mercy.

The penalties for the various crimes for which Train-Kobber Perry has been indicted in New York aggregate 161 years at hard labor in the penitentiary. Simple justice, however suggests that the term should be cut down to a life sentence at least.

THE BLIZZARD THAT WON'T BLIZ.

BY AN EVENING WORLD'S FORT.

With barometers before him, Anemometers and things, Through which the whistler-streer Agitates its winnowing wings, From the Equitable's eerie to the Old Forecast, see the whiz Or the Anemometer's revolve, When the blizzard's going to bliz.

And up he holds his signal, Which looks better West and North For the Bureau's opening.

That the morrow's to bring forth; And a chill invades the marrow And digests this up the pine Of the citizen who's fearful that The blizzard's going to bliz.

But the morrow's sky is white and calm, And the merest airy fringe Adorns the fatal day and gives Its weather Winter's thrice; And the man who leaves his seal cap home The hapless mortal is.

On the day a blizzard's promised, But the blizzard doesn't bliz.

It's a fact. The Table d'Hôte dinner for ten, at the Colonnade, \$10.00. The best in the city. Uttermost music. M. M. is

## HUSBAND, GIVE HEED.

Would You Make Home Happy Ponder This Advice.

The Art of Managing a Better Half Explained.

Some Lucid and Yard-Wide Recipes for Assuring Domestic Bliss.

This column of the *Evening World* should be read by every husband whose married life is in any way exposed, no matter whether the fault is his or his other half's, and by every young man who is standing troubling or joyous on the brink of matrimony. There is much excellent advice in the letters that are printed. Many of the writers pen their words with a sincerity and earnestness that seem to point to personal experience. One woman puts her contribution into the shape of some glowing advice to the stern sex. In all the letters there is found one pearl of thought that is worth treasuring.

Conditions.

THE *Evening World* will give a gold double eagle to the writer who shows best "How to Manage a Wife." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication), and be directed to Miss Editor, THE *Evening World*, P. O. Box 2,354.

A Wife Advises Husbands.

Now, here's some kindly and well-meant advice to that dear, blessed, blundering creature whom we all, including himself, adore: My Dear Sir—If you are so fortunate as to have a wife, just keep in her good graces; make yourself as lovable as you can, and don't, in the name of peace and concord, try to manage her! You can never do it, my friend, never! The soft, tender, clever creature at your side is more elusive than the fabled faerie Paddy tried to locate. Under all those pretty little graces which enchain your early affections and will continue to do so, if you compound the most subtle, complex, changeable and incomprehensible of any known pretenses, you will find the delight and pride of this same little creature to turn each and every one of those traits to the sole purpose of making your life bright and comfortable, so let her—let us do this "managing"—as we always have and always will do, though the *Evening World* air your opinions as to what and submit yourselves to being the recipient of our divers and unexplainable methods of so doing.

A Wife.

In Ten Short Chapters.

I.—Always be kind to her and give her money.

II.—When you come home at night bring along a few oranges or other fruit for her.

III.—When departing and meeting always kiss.

IV.—Never believe what you hear from neighbors.

V.—Always be kind to your mother in her presence.

VI.—Keep away from men who want you at home.

VII.—Never have parties outside your home.

VIII.—Always be a gentleman and praise her.

IX.—If she is irritable be kind and say nothing; leave the room, if you think; then return and say you feel sorry.

X.—Always remember when papa's chair is in the room there is one thing you will do: sit in that chair and your wife's head full of nonsense; take her with you and you will find her counsel; take her to the theatre when convenient and put a few dollars away when you can and tell her of it.

Told in Rhyme.

Experience shows that our frail race Whenever they have striven Are much like other animals, Easier coaxed than driven. Your readers would all like to know "How to manage a wife;" Her husband's best advice is this: There will be no strife.

Marriage is a partnership In which the two are one. If both the partners have good sense The management is done. The partners should in all things try To share their love and pleasure. No management is then required Through life, in peace and ease.

Make Her Your Equal.

My idea of how to manage a wife is very simple. Make her your equal in everything. Treat her as you would wish to be treated. Believe her to be the composition of everything that is good. Make her your confidant and let her be considered first in everything, and you will not only be doing the right thing by her yourself, but will make your home happy and cheerful, and the place beloved by all others that you visit or are near.

Practice on Your Sweetheart.

It is my opinion that wives need little or no managing. If a young man is able to manage his sweetheart—she who does not do the loving, but who acts independently—he will certainly be able to manage her as his wife.

Brandreth's Pills.

When you feel a kind of goneness about the stomach it is a sign that your food does not sit well and that you are about to have a fit of indigestion.

When you begin to feel nervous and are unable to sit still comfortably; when your clothes suddenly seem to lose their fit and become too tight in places the fit of indigestion is surely upon you.

When this fit of indigestion is repeated from day to day it finally resolves itself into dyspepsia.

Remember that three to ten of Brandreth's Pills will cure the worst case of indigestion or dyspepsia, or both, and that a regular course of them, say one or two every night for a week or ten days, will act as a preventive of either complaint.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

## PRETTY DELAINE PATTERNS.

Floral Designs of a Most Natural Appearance.

Figaro Jackets for All Ages—Fashion Notes.

Delaine has been brought out this year in the most delightful patterns. There are bunches of caryanthuses, poppies, convolvulus, marguerites and many other flowers, on white and cream grounds, which appear just to have been gathered and thrown down in a careless, but most natural fashion. They really are charming specimens of painting, the more natural the spring the more fashionable. Those who do not care for light colors may have dark blues and black, stone color, plum and various other tints. The light tints and the light designs are most delicate, and such mixtures as stone and pink, cream and gray, etc. They all favor of the Japanese costume, which Maria Antoinette and the beautiful women of her affected, and some of the patterns are actually copied from that time; for example, pretty shaped baskets, suspended by long loops and bows of ribbon, intertwined with bunches, arrows, quivers, rapiers and watering cans—most rustic in their effect.

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Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

Any one can get furniture, carpets, bedding and stoves by paying 10 per cent, cash, balance long time. Call on Campbell's, 121 to 126 Park Ave. No deposit required. Cash 50c time is not made.

## ODD BITS OF CONTEMPORARY ROUNDO.

He was Absorbed in Reading and It Caused Trouble.

The man who occupied the farthest seat but one on the ladies' waiting-room was very much absorbed in a newspaper. The boy at his side on the other hand was very much interested in the events transpiring all about him says the *Detroit Tribune*.

"Look, pa, look!" cried the lad. He was pointing excitedly at a large woman with red hair and a considerable growth of mustache.

"It's," grunted the man, without raising his eyes. The boy was not satisfied, by any means. "She's got whiskers," he whispered hoarsely and very audibly.

"Certainly," replied the father, still intent upon his reading. The woman heard it and frowned prodigiously. Others heard it and paused, looking at their hearts that the all had not been said. They were not disappointed. The boy stood very hard for some moments and then broke silence again.

"Pa, do you like women with whiskers?" he demanded.

"No, my boy," said the man, "I don't like them." The boy was not satisfied, by any means. "She's got whiskers," he whispered hoarsely and very audibly.

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